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### THE DEATHLESS DEAD.

By Dr. J. K. Foran, LL. D.

(On the occasion of the State Funeral, commenced in England and terminated in Canada, of the late Sir John S. D. Thompson, P. C., K. C. M. G., Premier of the Dominion.)

In the presence of our Monarch,  
almost at her feet to die!  
When his sun of life was flashing  
in the zenith of its sky;  
When the earthly path of glory,  
with successful feet, was trod;  
Thus to pass from out a palace  
through the palace-gates of God!  
While the murmurs of his triumph  
through historic Windsor ring,  
Comes an angel, swiftly rushing,  
on his dark, electric wing;  
Like a lightning-flash that spirit,  
with his mandate came and fled;  
But the giant oak was shattered—  
lo! the honored one was dead!

Royal tributes out of number  
scattered on his gloriose bier;  
Garland, wreath and fond inscription,  
kindly word, and sigh, and tear,  
Curfew-bell and half-mast standard,  
warlike pageant, solemn state,  
'Midst which Queenly eyes are watching  
as they bear him thro' the gate.  
London, in its great confusion,  
with its rush and crush of men,  
Pauses for a breathless moment  
at the tolling of "Big Ben";  
While the heart of all the Empire  
seems to beat in muffled tone,  
As the news of death is speeding  
round the world, from zone to zone

In the temple lighted tapers,  
and the incense-perfumed air,  
As the Church, in sombre greatness,  
offers up the REQUIEM prayer.  
With his crucifix beside him,  
with his rosary by his side—  
Rests he near the sacred altar,  
in regalia as he died.  
Meanwhile forth an order goeth  
to Great Britain's iron fleet,  
Her Leviathans, awaiting  
at Gibraltar's granite feet;  
See, the Blenheim weighs her anchor,  
and 'midst Biscay's breaker foam,  
Swiftly cleaves her giant pathway,  
as she heads her prow for home.

Not the conquering Roman galleys;  
not the gilded prows of Greece;  
Not the argosies triumphant,  
bearing home the "Golden Fleece";  
Not that vessel surging France-ward,  
from St. Helen's lonely rock;  
Not the proudest British war-ship,  
thunder-brimmed for battle's shock;  
Not thy caravels, Columbus,  
seeking out the Western world,  
Sped upon more solesian mission,  
or with sadder flags unfurled.  
Black and moving mausoleum,  
plunging o'er Atlantic's breast,  
The transformed Blenheim carries  
the dead Premier home to rest.

When, at eve, the fiery chargers  
of the sun have stooped to drink,  
And the pallid moon is hanging  
on horizon's dizzy brink,  
O'er the vastness of the ocean  
the Almighty seems to bend,  
And to watch the funeral vessel,  
as the shades of night descend.  
Loudly through the steel-clad rigging  
how the waiting tempest raves,  
As a billion stars are gazing  
on the wiliness of waves;  
Like the phantom-ship of story,  
with its hull of deepest black,  
Swiftly speeds the throbbing monster  
on his phosphorescent track.

Meanwhile thousands are awaiting,  
in the silence deep of grief,—  
Canada's great breast is heaving,  
anxious for the grand relief,  
When the flood of her affection,  
like a pent-up lake, may burst,  
And, in gathering strength and volume,  
swell around the one she nurses;  
Eyes are fixed upon the signals,  
eyes are straining, where afar,  
By the blue horizon's circle  
must appear the man-of-war.  
"On the first noon of the New Year"—  
the command that England gave;  
On that day, as flashed the noon-gun,  
dropped the anchor in the wave.

Prelates, warriors, statesmen gather,  
from all sections of the land;  
'Round that bier a nation's greatest,  
with her humblest, weeping stand;  
From the Governor and Consort,  
to the lowliest peasant, all  
In procession, speechless, breathless,  
through the Legislative Hall.  
Creeds are blending, strife forgotten,  
manly tears are freely shed,  
As the thousands surge in silence  
past the casket of the dead.  
Glorious tribute, from Atlantic  
to Pacific's lordly wave,  
Come the garland-gifts of sorrow  
for the Premier's hallowed grave.

In St. Mary's what a concourse,  
as the sombre trappings fall  
In profusion and in richness,  
o'er the gorgeous funeral pall.  
While the DIES IRÆ rises, in a vast,  
harmonic swell,  
From the steeples of the nation  
comes the universal knell.  
Acolytes are moving slowly,  
thunders their censers swing.  
Loudly peals the deep-ton'd organ,  
solemnly the prelates sing;  
Words of praise come from the pulpit,  
ere the Church's rites are done.  
"Dust to dust"—the nation weepeth  
o'er her dead, but deathless son.

Once again the martial music  
breaks upon the winter's air,  
As the vast procession forms  
'round the sacred House of Prayer.  
Funeral march, reversed arms,  
muffled drums and steady pace,  
As the "deathless dead" is borne  
to his last long resting-place.  
Let us pray that his example  
may be cherished with his name;  
He is now beyond the clangor  
of ambition, strife, or fame,  
Rest his ashes, as he'd wish it,  
'neath his lov'd Canadian sod;  
Rest his soul, in joys eternal,  
in the mansions bright of God!  
Montreal, January 3, 1895.

### BACK TO HIS OLD FAITH.

Rev. Father Bouland Renounces the Protestant Faith

WHICH HE HAD FOLLOWED FOR OVER SEVEN YEARS.

And in That Time He Made a Further Study of the Dogma of Papal Infallibility—He Speaks Kindly Words of Bishop Potter and Now Hopes for Unity.

From the New York Herald.

Pere Leon Bouland has gone to the Roman Catholic Church. Seven years ago the announcement in the Herald that Father Bouland, a scholarly man of some eminence in his own country, had renounced the church of his youth, and gone over to the Protestant Episcopal Church in this country, caused a sensation. And now comes another great surprise in the fact that Father Bouland has gone back to Catholicism.

He made his retraction and profession of faith yesterday morning in the pretty little chapel in St. Francis Xavier's College. He was received by the Very Rev. William Pardow, provincial of the Society of Jesus. The sunlight was weak and struggling, and could scarcely penetrate the stained glass windows of the chapel when the little group entered.

There were present, besides Father Pardow, Father Clark and two young men students at the college. The ceremony was simple, yet none the less impressive. It meant a great deal more to the principal than to the assistants. It meant that for the second time he declared he had erred in what is greater to man than wealth and power: It meant that he was once more to submit himself to the criticism of the world and possibly to be condemned by those whose good opinion he had prized. It also meant that it must be his last change, should he wish to maintain his character.

Father Bouland realized all this when he laid his right hand on the Bible and renounced his heresy. The young men signed the document as witnesses.

#### SEVEN YEARS AGO.

There was a somewhat similar scene in June, 1888, in Grace Church. On the morning of the 17th Father Bouland was received into the Protestant Episcopal Church by the Right Rev. Dr. Potter, Bishop of New York, in the presence of Rev. Dr. C. F. C. Neil, of Philadelphia, the Rev. O. B. Keith and the Rev. G. H. McD. Bottom.

I asked Father Bouland yesterday if he would give me his reasons for the step he had just taken. He had no hesitation in doing so. He just stated that he had believed all the doctrines which the Roman Catholic Church taught until the decree affirming the infallibility of the Pope was promulgated. That dogma he could not reconcile to his conscience, and it jarred with certain liberal principles he entertained.

His position was this, that doctrinally he could no longer believe the teachings of the syllabus and its dogmas proclaimed at the Vatican Council of 1888. Politically he did not "admit the pretensions of Ultramontanism" claiming absolute authority in matters outside of religion.

#### HIS REASONS.

So that there might be no mistake about his views he put them in writing in French, and the following is a translation.

"Some seven years ago I left the Catholic Church and was received as an Episcopalian by Bishop Potter of

this city. The Herald gave full details at the time. During these long and sorrowful years of wandering I never gave up my love for the Church which had watched over me from my cradle. A few weeks ago, stricken with remorse for the rash and unintelligible step I had taken, I applied humbly to the Apostolic Delegate, Mgr. Satolli, begging to be received back again into the bosom of the Church.

"His Excellency deputed the Very Rev. William O'B. Pardow, Provincial of the Jesuits, to examine into the matter and report to him. The report forwarded, Mgr. Satolli graciously delegated to the Jesuit Provincial the necessary powers to receive me back into the Church from which I had strayed. This morning at nine o'clock in the Jesuits' chapel, West Sixteenth street, before a few witnesses, I made my profession of Catholic faith and abjured all contrary belief.

"It had been stated that after leaving the church I married. This I declare to be absolutely false.

"I retract fully and unreservedly the letter I wrote to the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., on April 12, 1888, in which I stated my so-called 'reasons for leaving the Church of Rome.' These reasons were all false.

"I have met with great kindness on the part of Episcopalians, Congregationalists and other non-Catholics, and I hope that my return to the Church will cause some of them at least to consider the ground on which they stand, and their adherence to a church which I have tested practically for over seven years and found wanting."

#### HE WAS NOT HAPPY.

"Were you perfectly happy while in the Protestant church?" I asked Father Bouland.

"No," he replied, "I was not. I belong to the Latin race, and you Protestants cannot understand how much we sacrifice when we renounce the Catholic faith. Since 1888 I have been in Europe. I was sent by Bishop Potter to make a study of the religious question in France, and to make a report especially as to the possibility of successful missionary work among the French Catholics. I went conscientiously to work, and finally came to the conclusion that it was not possible, for the present, at least, to start a movement of that sort in France.

"Bishop Potter hoped for the unity of the Church. His idea was that Catholics could be brought to the Protestant Episcopal Church. But I did not meet with any success. I found that the Protestant Church did not attract the French people. As a rule when they left their own church they abandoned religion altogether.

"I am an American citizen and I have made a study of American institutions. I concluded that after the successful mission of Mgr. Satolli in the United States the only thing for me to do was to go back to the Catholic Church, where I was educated, and in which I had been a missionary.

"I wrote a very polite and kind letter this morning to Bishop Potter, letting him know what I was doing. In it I said it gave me much happiness to acknowledge his kindness to me in all our relations. I also hoped that by the Providence of God something would happen in the future to bring about the unity of all churches, a unity that would be for the benefit of the American people.

#### DIVISION IN CHURCHES.

"Since I left, in 1888, I never said a word against the Catholic Church. I was charitable, and would be charitable now. I have told Father Pardow that I have the greatest respect for Protestants. I saw a great division among the churches, and I became convinced there must be some authority, some central authority in religion for the maintenance of peace and the satisfaction of conscience. I understand now, as I did not then, the infallibility of the Pope, that when he speaks *EX CATHEDRA* on matters of religion his voice is the voice of God."

"I had imbibed different and erroneous ideas from the works of Dr. Dollinger in Germany and Rev. Pere Hyacinthe in France. I now believe that Papal infallibility is a dogma, and that it is the best thing for the peace of the Church

and the solution of all religious questions. When I seceded it was a mistake of the head and not of the heart.

"I believed in everything else, and, therefore, never spoke against the Church.

"I am now in full accord with the Catholic church. In this country I have seen the realization of all my hopes and desires. The Catholic Church is not a danger to America and never was. On the contrary it is proving to be a benefit to the American people. I believe that it is the supporter of the American constitution, not in a 'Jesuitical' way, as some would have you believe, but honestly, sincerely, patriotically.

"My travels and sojourn in the United States have engendered in me a great respect for the Protestants of America. I hope the time will come when we shall have Christian unity. It is absolutely necessary in our time. Religious quarrels are useless. America is the dream of every man of intellect. Here one finds the largest measure of intellectual and religious liberty. My great desire is to be useful."

#### PRIEST IN NAME AS YET.

Father Pardow told me that the case of Father Bouland had been placed in his hands by Mgr. Satolli. As Father Bouland had not been excommunicated by name all that was necessary to be received back into the church was to make publicly a profession of faith and a retraction of heresy. That Father Bouland had done. That fact, however, did not give him the right to exercise priestly functions. He could not say Mass, hear confessions, and so on, without receiving permission from the Bishop in whose diocese he was.

Father Bouland will go into retreat for a few weeks. Subsequently it is likely that he will devote himself to the French people of America. He intends to bring out a pamphlet stating his position, past and present. For the last two years or more Father Bouland has been a professor in the French-American College in Springfield, Mass. He also edited the Citizen Franco-American. He resigned in June. He visited the United States in 1875 for the purpose of writing a history of the French in America and he travelled extensively.

He took a deep interest in the emigration of his countrymen to this continent and believed that they would settle here in large numbers. This belief led him to investigate the adaptability of the United States to grape culture. He established on his own private account a vineyard in South Carolina. From here he came on to New York about 1888.

#### WAS HONORED BY THE POPE.

He had received many honors from the Pope. He was Honorary Private Chamberlain of Leo XIII., Honorary Canon of St. Michael Archangelo, Rome; Honorary Canon of the Metropolitan Church of Rheims; Commander of the Order of the Holy Sepulchre, Member of the Academie des Arcades, and President-General of the Society for the Collection of Peter's Pence in North America.

He has visited Rome several times and had private audiences with the Pope. His ecclesiastical education was under the supervision of the famous Cardinal Lavergerie of Algiers. In July, 1884, Secretary G. Boccoli, Private Chamberlain to the Pope, sent Father Bouland congratulations upon his good work here and upon "his devotion to the cause of the Holy Church."

Father Bouland has pronounced views on the relations of the Holy See to the Government of France. He knew Jules Ferry and M. Grevy, and had communicated his views to those distinguished statesmen on this subject. He thought the Vatican should support the republican Government.

#### VERSES.

God has a secret which He keeps secure  
Nor whispers it to few,  
Tho' many try to wrest  
It from Him by force of their own intellect,  
And some wise men have cast a gleam  
Across its gloom, and fancied they  
Had almost captured it.  
(Man's wisdom is to Him but silliness)  
Whence sin, and Sin's bride, Pain?  
To us unsolved, unsolved  
This secret lies with God.  
God has a secret which He tells to all  
Who fear and love Him well,  
And serve Him loyally:  
Who open heart and hand to help His poor,

His sick, His sad, and share their suffering.  
And never Poet, Seer,  
Or wise philosopher  
Can catch, without the willing inward ear  
And contrite heart, this lore—  
This mystic lore God tells  
To His own righteous ones.  
Prov. III-32. Ps. XXV-14.

MARY TUPPER.

Winnipeg, September 1895.

### The Armenians.

From N. Y. Freeman's Journal.  
Rev. L. A. Lambert, L. L. D., Scottsville,  
New York.

REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER,—Will you kindly state in the editorial columns of the Freeman's Journal to what church or churches the Armenians belong? Macaulay, in his essay on "Gladstone on Church and State," speaks of the Armenians as a sect. Does he refer to the Armenians that are now being persecuted? If so, are there many Catholic Missionaries among them, and what success has attended their labors. Yours most respectfully.  
Nov. 23, 1895. SUBSCRIBER.

The Armenians were the first who, as a nation, embraced Christianity. St. Gregory, surnamed the "Illuminator," was to the Armenians what St. Patrick was to the Irish, their Apostle. In the year 302 he baptized King Tiridates and propagated the faith throughout the whole country. He died in 332, leaving the Armenian Church in a flourishing condition. His most illustrious successors were Saints Nerses, Sahak and Mesrop. The last named invented the Armenian alphabet and translated the Bible into Armenian.

After the fourth General Council—that of Chalcedon, held in the year 451—the Armenians fell into the Monophysite heresy, which holds that there is but one nature in Christ. In rejecting the authority of the Council of Chalcedon and the Papal Primacy they became schismatics. They continued in this schism for 112 years. After the defeat of the Persians by Heraclius, Byzantine Emperor, in 626, the Armenians returned to the communion of the Catholic Church. This re-union lasted about 100 years, and the schism was renewed at the commencement of the eighth century. To their former Monophysism they added the heresy of Monothelism. The schism thus renewed continued until 1439, when the Armenians were again received into the Catholic communion. In course of time, however, they returned to their schism and heresy, in which the great majority of them have continued up to the present time.

The schismatic Armenians number about 3,000,000. In Turkey proper there are 2,000,000, in Turkey in Europe, 400,000; in Russia, 500,000. There are about 100,000 Roman Catholic Armenians. The schismatics believe in the seven sacraments, in prayers for the dead, in prayers to the saints, in the Real Presence in the Eucharist, and in the sacrifice of the Mass they use unleavened bread, as is the practice in the Catholic Church.

[Weber's Atlas des Missions (1886) says the Catholic Armenian population exceeds 150,000, and adds that the Armenian mission was entrusted to the Jesuits by Leo XIII in 1881. Five years later these missionaries were eighteen in number, with eight chapels and six schools. Since that date the numbers and progress of the missionaries have steadily increased. The Catholic Armenian patriarchate comprises three archdioceses and sixteen dioceses.—ED. N. W. R.]

### The Story of a Life.

Baby.  
Toddlekins.  
Baby May.  
May.  
Mamie.  
Miss May.  
Miss Mamie.  
Miss Mamie McSmythe.  
Mrs. John Johnson, nee Smythe.  
Mrs. Johnson.  
Mrs. Johnnie Johnson.  
Mrs. Mary Johnson.  
Mary Johnson.  
Mary.  
Mary the Terror.  
Crazy Mary.  
Cell 44, alcoholic ward.  
No. 4018, middle layer, trench 13.—  
New York Sun.